

must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou'lt heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age ynto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, And yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene.

How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene. Susan & she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she marie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was wean'd I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the Douchouse wall, my Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it did tast the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Douch-house, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a eleuen yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th' roode she could haue runne, & wadled all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, & then my Husband God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, & said I: to see now how a Iest shall come about. I warrant, & I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not Iule quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted, and said I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bume as big as a young Cockrels stone? A petulous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall't vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age: wilt thou not Iule? It stinted, and said I.

Iule. And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nursed, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter Iuliet, How stands your disposition to be Married?

Iule. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. An houre, were not I thinne onely Nurse, I would say thou had'st suckt wisdom from thy tear.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you Heere in Verona, Ladies of esteeme, Are made already Mothers. By my count I was your Mother, much vpon these yeares That you are now a Maide, thus then in briebe: The valiant Paris seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. Veronas Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our Feast,

Read ore the volume of young Paris face, And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen: Examine euery seuerall liniament, And see how one another lends content: And what obscur'd in this faire volumelies, Find written in the Margent of his eyes, This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer, To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer. The fish liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride For faire without, the faire within to hide: That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie, That in Gold claspes, Lockes in the Golden storie: So shall you share all that he doth possesse, By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger: women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of Paris loue?

Iule. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue, But no more deepe will I endart mine eye, Then your consent giues strength to make flye.

Enter a Serving man.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur'd in the Parterry, and euery thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, Iuliet, the Countie staires.

Nurse. Goe Gyrle, seeke happy nights to happy daies.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with fine or fixe other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What shall this spech be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie, Wee haue no Cupid, hood winkt with a skarfe, Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath, Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper. But let them measure vs by what they will.

Wee measure them a Measure, and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling, Being but heauy I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle Romeo, we must haue you dance.

Rom. Not I belecue me, you haue dancing shooes With nimble soles, I haue a soale of Lead So stokes me to the ground, I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow Cupids wings, And soare with them about a common bound.

Rom. I am too fore enpearced with his shaft, To soare with his light feathers, and to bound: I cannot bound a pitch about dull woe, Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.

Hora. And to sinke in it should you burthen loue, Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough, Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue, Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe, Giue me a Case to put my visage in.

A Visor for a Visor, what care I What curious eye doth quote deformities: Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in, But euery man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart Tickle the fencelesse rushes with their heeles:

For I am prouerbd with a Grandfier Phrase, Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,

The game was nere so faire, and I am done.

Mer. Tut.

Mer. Tut, duns the Moufe, the Constables owne word, If thou art dun, wee le draw thee from the mire. Or saue your reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.

Rom. Nay that's not so.

Mer. I meant sir I delay.

We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day; Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits Fine times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske, But tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why may one aske?

Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Rom. In bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true. Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:

She is the Fairies Midwife, & she comes in shape no bigger then Agat-stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman,

drawne with a teeme of little Atomes, ouer mens noses as they lie asleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners legs: the Couer of the wings of Grashoppers, her

Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coullers of the Moonshines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone,

the Lash of Philome, her Waggoner, a small gray-coated Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little Worme, prickt

from the Lazie-finger of a man, Her Chariot is an emptie Hasket, made by the Ioyner Squirrel or old Grub, time

out a mind, the Fairies Coach-makers: & in this state she gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then

they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curfies strait: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dreame on

Fees, ore Ladies lips, who strait on kisses dreame, which oft as the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their

breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose, & then dreames he of smelling

our asute: & sometime comes she with Tith pigs tale, tickling a Parsons nose as he lies asleepe, then he dreames of

another Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore a Souldiers necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraigne throats, of

Breaches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades: Of Healths sue Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which

he startes and wakes; and being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two & sleeps againe: this is that very Mab that

plats the manes of Horses in the night: & bakes the Ellocks in foule flutish haire, which once vntangled, much

misfortune bodes.

This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs, That prestes them, and leaues them first to beare,

Making them women of good carriage: This is she.

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio peace, Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talke of dreames: Which are the children of an idle braine,

Begot of nothing, but vaine phantasie, Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,

And more inconstant then the wind, who woos Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:

And being anger'd, puffes away from thence, Turning his side to the dew dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our selues, Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I feare too early, for my mind misgiues, Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,

Shall bid me part, weele draw thee from the mire. Of a des By some But he th Direct m

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